

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL (arr. R Vaughan Williams)

Wassail! Wassail all over the town!
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
With the wassailing-bowl, we'll drink unto thee!

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek!
Pray God send out master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that we all may see;
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye!
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see;
With our wassailing-bowl, we'll drink to thee!

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn!
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn that we may all see;
With the wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear!
Pray God send our master a happy new year,
And a happy new year as e'er he did see;
With our wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Colly and to her long tail!
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer, I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock;
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

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